No. 2360.—Vol. 92.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER

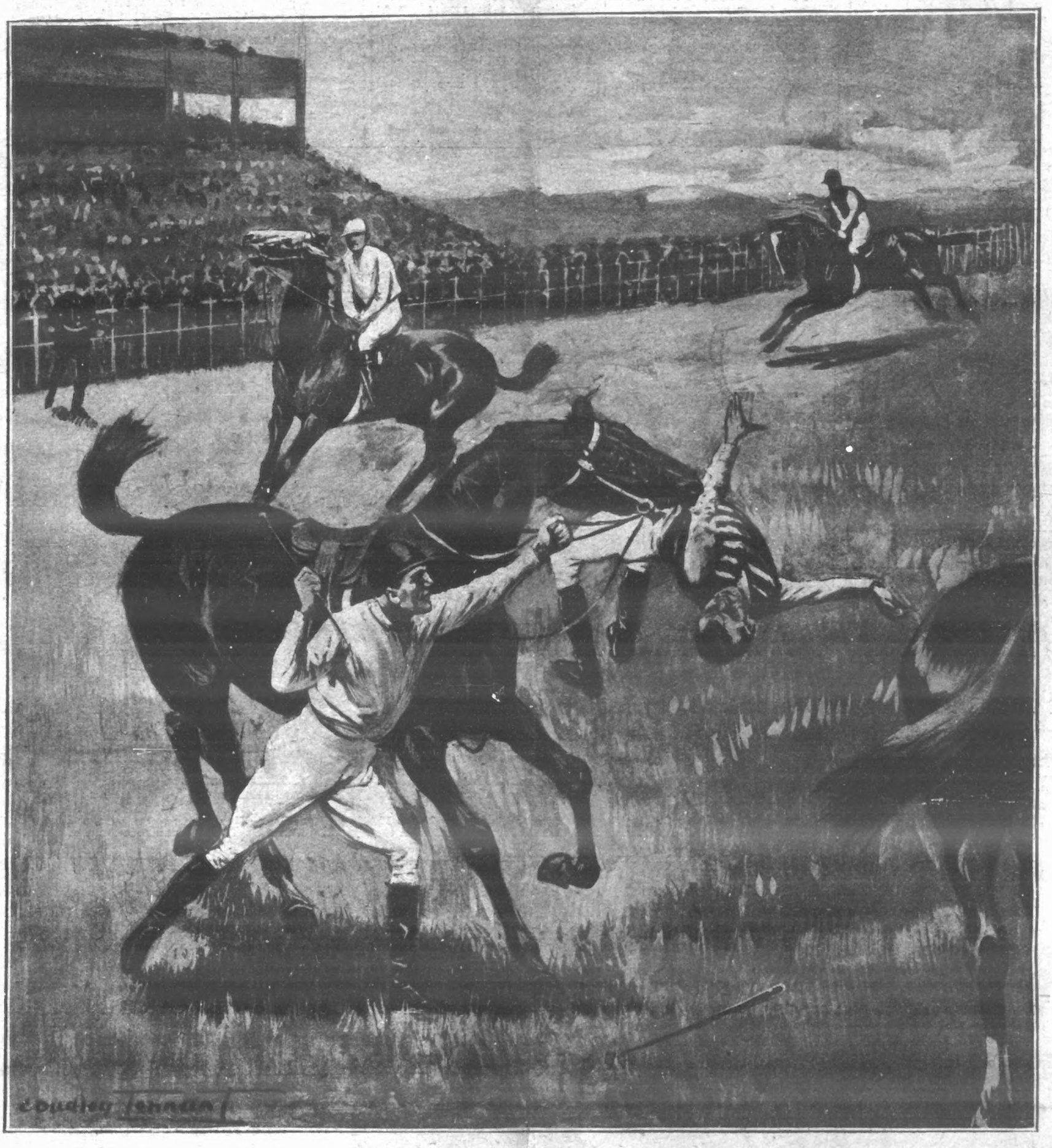
AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

August 18, 1906.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

London: Printed and Published for the Proprietors at 18 Henrietta Street, Strand, W.C.

ALL THE NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES. See Inside.



HORSE "SAVAGES" A JOCKEY.

On the way to the post for the Worthing Plate at the Brighton Races last week, Madden was cantering along on Centre, and in passing Marigold IV. that horse reached out, and, catching Madden by the arm, pulled him out of the saddle. First getting him down, the horse picked him up again and shook him as a terrier would a rat. Brady, the rider of Marigold IV., sprang to the ground and tried his best to beat Marigold IV. off, but in the meantime the horse was worrying Madden by the throat. Brady showed extraordinary pluck, belabouring the brute about the head with the butt-end of his whip and diverting his attention to himself. Smash after smash fell the flail of the courageous lad, and then Marigold IV., leaving Madden, went for him in earnest. Brady kept on his feet, and, by dodging and hitting, he contrived in a flash to get back in the saddle. Then ensued a spirited fight between horse and rider, culminating in a victory for the latter. Madden was taken back to the paddock, where he received every attention.

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THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Horse "Savages" a Jockey.

Otto Madden, the well-known jockey, was the victim of a race-horse's sudden fury at the Brighton course last week. He was pulled from his saddle and "savaged" to such an extent that his life was only saved by the courage of the rider of the horse in question.

On the way to the post for the Worthing Plate, Madden was cantering along on Centre, and in passing Marigold IV. that horse reached out, and, catching Madden by the arm, pulled him out of the saddle. First getting him down, the horse picked him up again and shook him as a terrier would a rat.

Brady, the rider of Marigold IV., sprang to the ground and tried his best to beat Marigold IV. off, but in the meantime the horse was worrying Madden by the throat.

Brady showed extraordinary pluck, belabouring the brute about the head with the butt-end of his whip and diverting his attention to himself. Smash after smash fell the flail of the courageous lad, and then Marigold IV., leaving Madden, went for him in earnest. Brady kept on his feet, and, by dodging and hitting, he contrived in a flash to get back in the saddle. Then ensued a spirited fight between horse and rider, culminating in a victory for the latter. Eventually Brady brought his horse to the post, but Mr. Hugh Owen, the starter, would not allow such a dangerous animal to go near the starting-gate.

Madden was taken back to the paddock, where he received every attention, and, despite his injuries, was able considerately to suggest that the affair should not be over-stated, as he did not wish to alarm his wife, who is at Hunstanton.

After his injuries were attended to he left the course in charge of a surgeon. Had it not been for Brady the great jockey would undoubtedly have been killed.

The incident recalls a somewhat similar occurrence some years ago, when the late Fred Archer was "savaged" by Muley Edris on Newmarket Heath.

The cases, however, differ in that Muley Edris bore a grudge against Archer, who had a few days previously "punished" the horse very severely in a race, whereas yesterday Madden was a perfectly innocent victim, never having given any cause of offence to the savage brute.

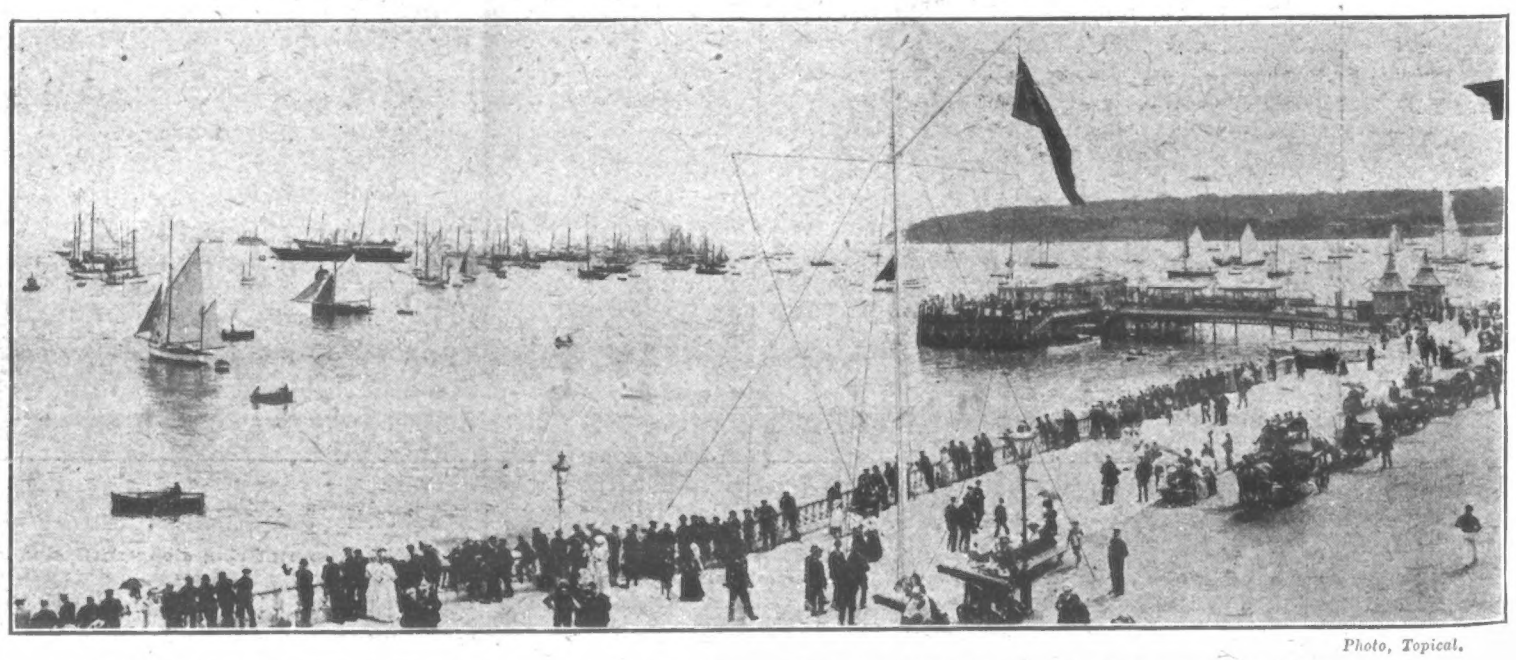
The Human Interest of Streets.

Streets are commonly supposed to be made of bricks and mortar, but, as a matter of fact, these materials only go to supply the background. Streets are really made of human beings, and light and air—especially human beings. I remember prowling once at midnight in a Moorish town, and getting well lost for my pains. The deserted streets, which seemed to hate following a straight line for more than a couple of hundred feet, were picturesque enough with the moonlight breaking their darkness here and there; but they were really expressionless until, turning the corner, I nearly stumbled against a stalwart Moor who stood leaning motionless upon his musket. There was something about his dress and attitude that seemed almost too good to be true; for a moment he wore the air of a theatrical episode, as though he had been deliberately "staged" there to give my Western eyes a new sensation. But how the pure human nature of him transformed the dreary street! To a lost traveller he changed the whole face of things in an instant. A picture of that street without him would have been nothing more than a conventional picture of light and shade. My turbaned sentinel filled it with vitality and interest. The point needs no emphasis, yet it is interesting to consider how one is perpetually coming back to it, disregardful of that background of which we are all inclined, and not unreasonably inclined, to make so much.

I suppose no one was ever more disposed than was Balzac to get all that could be got out of the background. His novels are rich with passages—some of them so long that they fill a good part of the chapter—in which the characters of streets are established with a profound feeling for the individuality of inanimate things. He loved to ramble about the city, and wherever he went he made the very stones tell him tales of human life.—From "In Foreign Streets," by Royal Cortissoz, in the Fiction Number of *Scribner*.

Photos, Illustrations Bureau & Halftones.

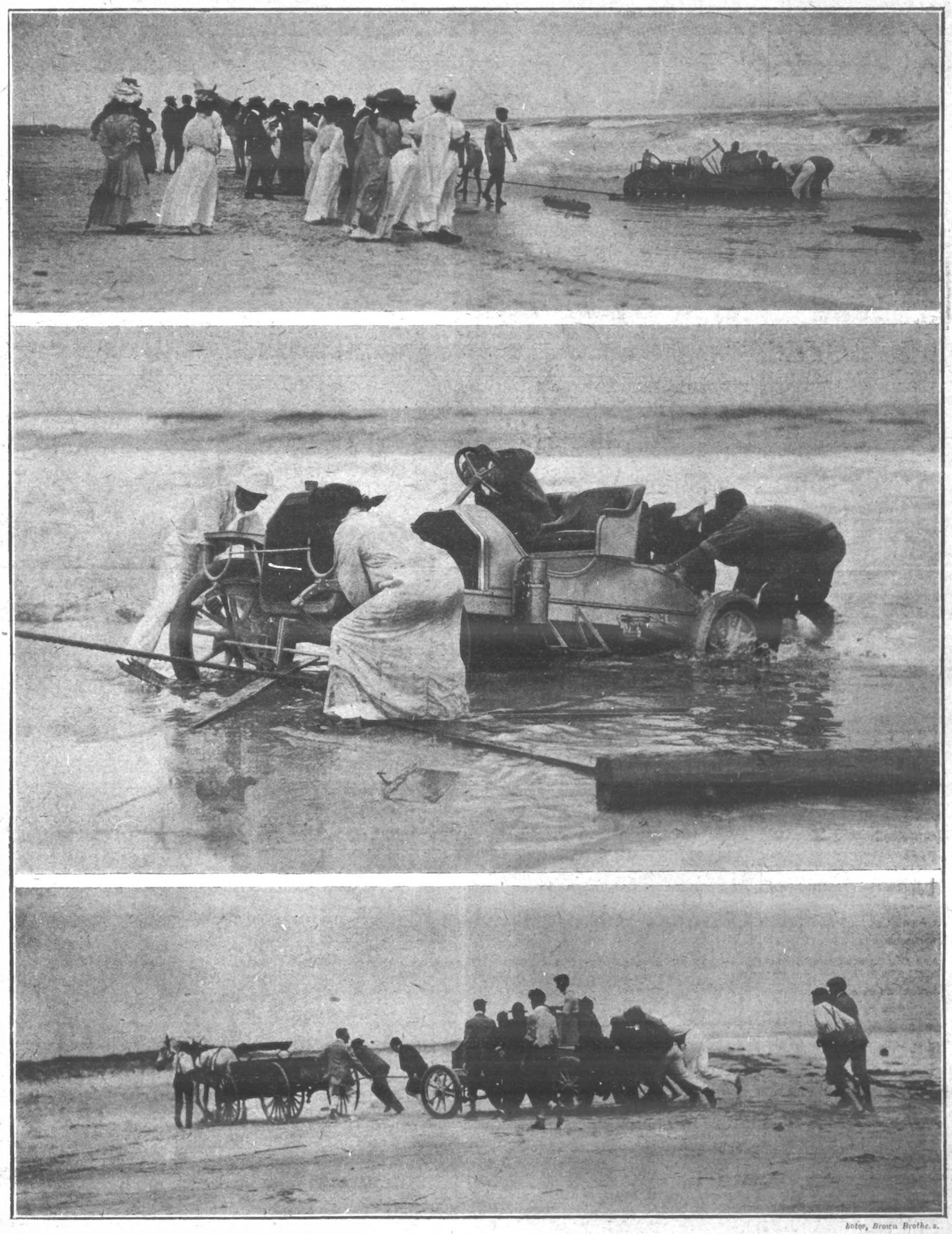
COWES WEEK: 1. The King returning to his yacht. 2. The Meeting of the Kings—King Edward greeting the King of Spain. 3. King Alfonso and Queen Victoria about to land from their yacht. 4. Admiral Montague and the Duke of Leeds.



Photo, Topical.

COWES WEEK: A general view of the front showing the large number of yachts in the Solent. The people by the promenade are waiting the arrival of the King from his yacht.

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE: Saving a Motor-car from the Sea at Long Island.



Photos, Brown Brothers.

Recently there were to be automobile races at Long Beach, Long Island, U.S.A., including one for ladies. When all was in readiness a storm came up, which drove the people into shelter. When it was over it was seen that Miss Potter's (the daughter of Bishop Potter) car was reached by the incoming tide, and the hind wheels were sunk up to the hubs. Our photographs show the efforts made by Miss Potter and her friends to get the car out. The tide eventually swept right over the car, but by this time a horse was found and the car was dragged out of the surf.

Boy Kills a Judge.

Judge George Emory, a prominent lawyer of Seattle, Washington, was shot recently by Chester Thompson, the nineteen-year-old son of another Seattle lawyer.

Thompson, who was a student at Washington University, was infatuated with Judge Emory's niece, Miss Charlotte Whittlesey, a beautiful girl of seventeen, to whom the college boy's attentions were very distasteful.

It is said that she had asked her uncle to forbid the house to her suitor, who was insanely jealous of her.

The night before the tragedy Thompson telephoned, asking if Miss Whittlesey was at home. Judge Emory replied that she was not, and informed the young man that he would not be welcome there.

In a few moments Thompson, breathless and without hat or coat, rushed up the steps of Judge Emory's house and rang the front door-bell. "I want to see Charlotte," he demanded, as the Judge opened the door.

"She is not here, and you cannot see her," said Judge Emory, extending his arm to bar Thompson's entrance.

Whipping out a revolver without another word, Thompson twice fired point blank at Judge Emory. One bullet entered his hip and the other his lung, and he fell dead.

Rushing upstairs, Thompson called loudly for Miss Whittlesey. Finding only the two young children of the judge, aged three and four, he took them into the bedroom and barred the door. When the police arrived he threatened to kill the children if they entered the room. Finally Thompson's father came, and persuaded his son to surrender to the police.

The Bank Guard.

One of the most picturesque features in the daily, or rather nightly, life of the City of London is threatened by the effort of the Government to effect economies in the military service. A change is in contemplation with regard to the military guard at the Bank of England, by which men from a line regiment may be substituted for Guardsmen.

The Bank itself pays the cost of the guard, and, so far as can be ascertained, the governors of that institution have no desire to make the suggested change. The Bank has had military protection from its earliest days, and this protection has been provided by Guardsmen except in war time when Volunteers have undertaken the duty.

There is a regulation guard-room at the Bank, and a dining-room and sleeping apartment are provided for the officer of the guard. The guard consists of a subaltern, a sergeant, thirty men—and a drummer-boy who never sounds his drum. It arrives every evening soon after six o'clock, four sentries are posted, and the remainder of the men await their turn for duty in the guard-room.

On ordinary evenings the guard marches through the City with fixed bayonets—a concession allowed, with few exceptions, only to men of a Guards regiment—but when the weather is wet it travels by train at the expense of the officer in command.

The latter is allowed several privileges. For instance, dinner is provided for him by the Bank authorities, and he is permitted to invite a friend to dine with him, in which case an extra bottle of wine is allowed.

In olden days he was given a guinea for his services, but some years back this honorarium was stopped. The men, however, still receive a shilling a night in addition to the fee paid by the governors to the military authorities for their services.

Mounds of Prayers.

Tibet has been for long an unknown land, and it is only of late years that facts about the people's habits have come to light. Being a country of priests, the folk indulge largely in prayer of a more or less mechanical sort (says *The Penny Magazine*). They have praying wheels, one turn of which is equal to a prayer. In the hill passes wayfarers raise cairns or heaps of prayers, adding a stone to the mound as they pass, as a thanksgiving to the gods. The top of each mound is usually adorned with a prayer flag. In the villages these structures are built of stone or of stone and turf in alternate layers to the height of eight feet.

Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

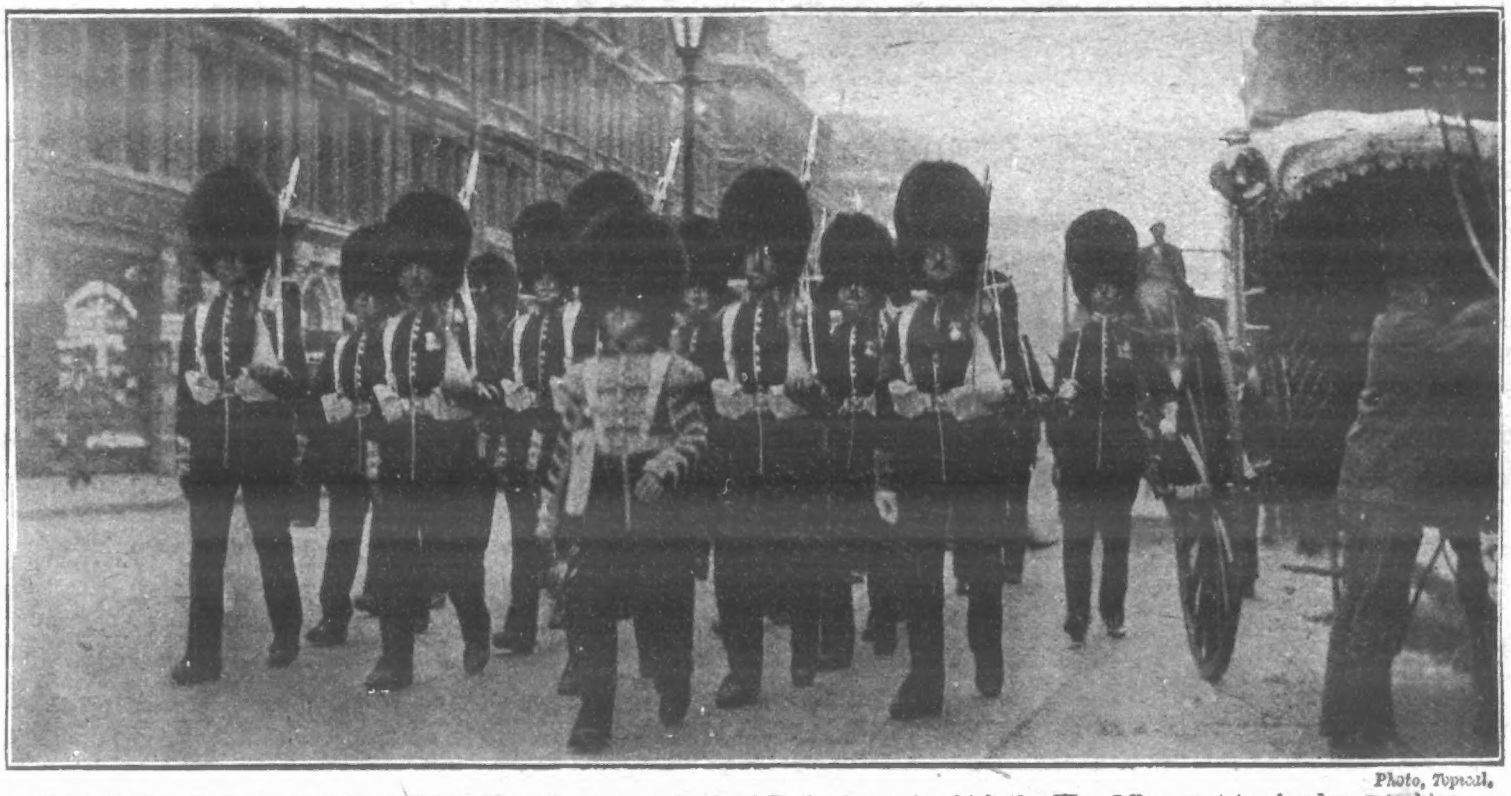
THE FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND: 1. The procession starting from the castle. 2. Belvoir Castle, the late Duke's country residence. 3. Lord Robert and Lady Victoria Manners returning from the funeral.

Photos, Topical.

THE NEW CRICKET—VIGORO: Some striking snapshots of the play. The game is played with strengthened tennis racquets and a special rubber ball, somewhat larger than a tennis ball, and the spectators are able to sit in comfort much closer to the play than at cricket. The wickets consist of six stumps with five bails at each end, and for powerful bowlers the pitch is set at twenty-four yards. It has been suggested that in a non-dangerous, high-class assembly game like this the possibilities are very great, and holiday matches might be arranged between the bona fide stockbrokers of London and New York.

Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

A VILLAGE WATER-FAMINE: A water-famine is being experienced at the pretty little Sussex village of Cuckfield. 1. Servants have to fetch water from a distance. 2. A great prize!—a girl begs a jugful of the precious fluid from a neighbour. 3. Supplying the villagers at twopence per pail.



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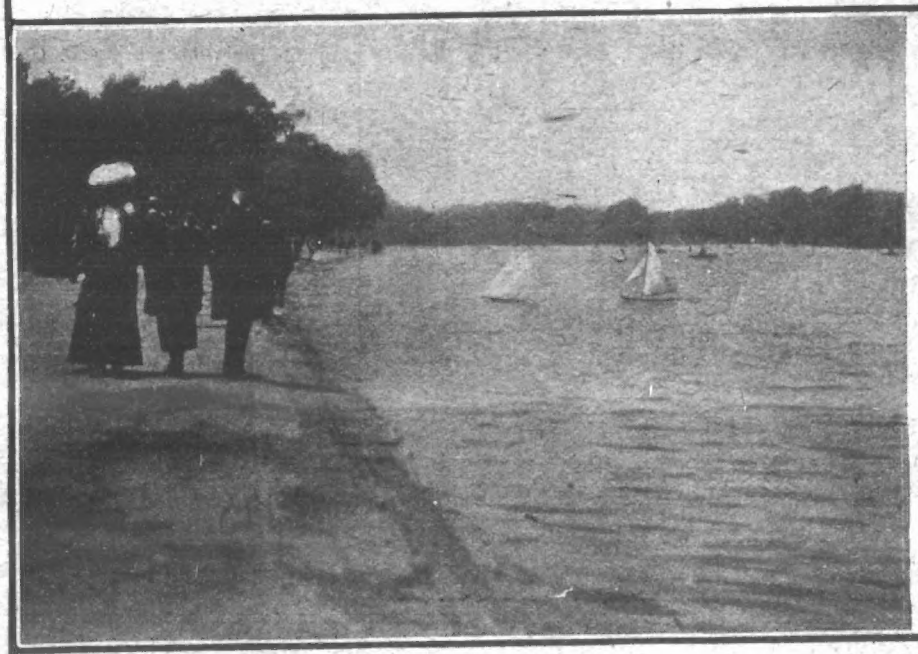
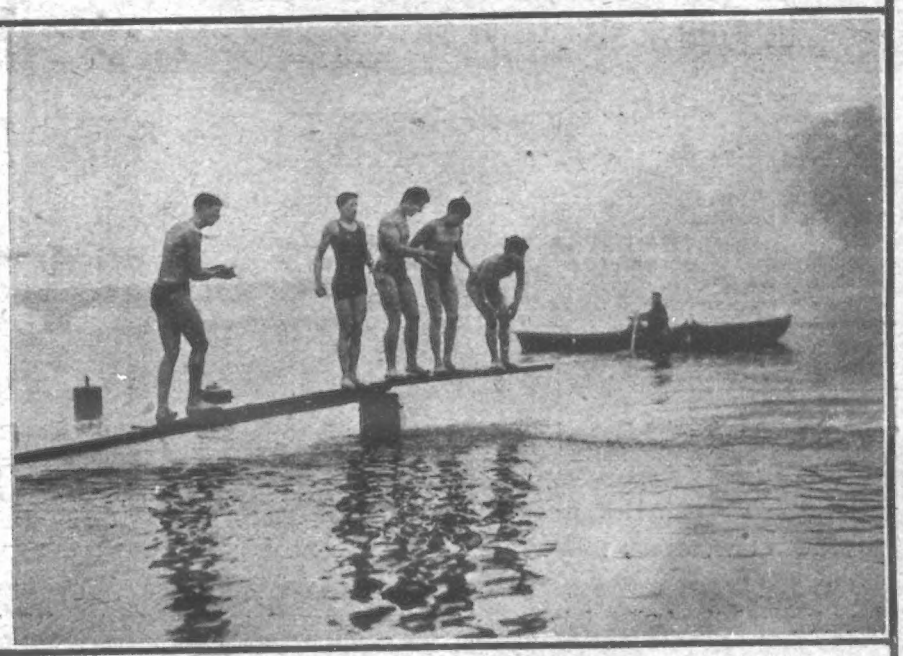
TO GUARD THE NATION'S MILLIONS: The famous Bank of England guard, which the War Office want to abandon, marching through the City.

RURAL LONDON.





UNIQUE SNAPSHOTS OF COUNTRY LIFE IN HYDE PARK.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

Last week's county cricket worked out very much according to form. Surrey scored a handsome win over Middlesex at Lord's, Yorkshire played a draw with Leicestershire, though the latter had the worst of the argument when stumps were pulled up, and Kent absolutely routed Lancashire at Canterbury. In addition, Essex gained a ten-wickets victory over Sussex, a drawn game was the result of the meeting between Somerset and Worcestershire, and the same fate attended the encounter between Warwickshire and Derbyshire.

The struggle in the county championship continues to be of the most stubborn nature. At the time of writing Surrey have a percentage of points over Yorkshire, but Kent are following close in their wake, and the slightest slip on the part of the first two may mean that Kent will finish on top. I hold the opinion that, at the present moment, Kent are the best side playing, and I am supported in that opinion by many leading cricketers.

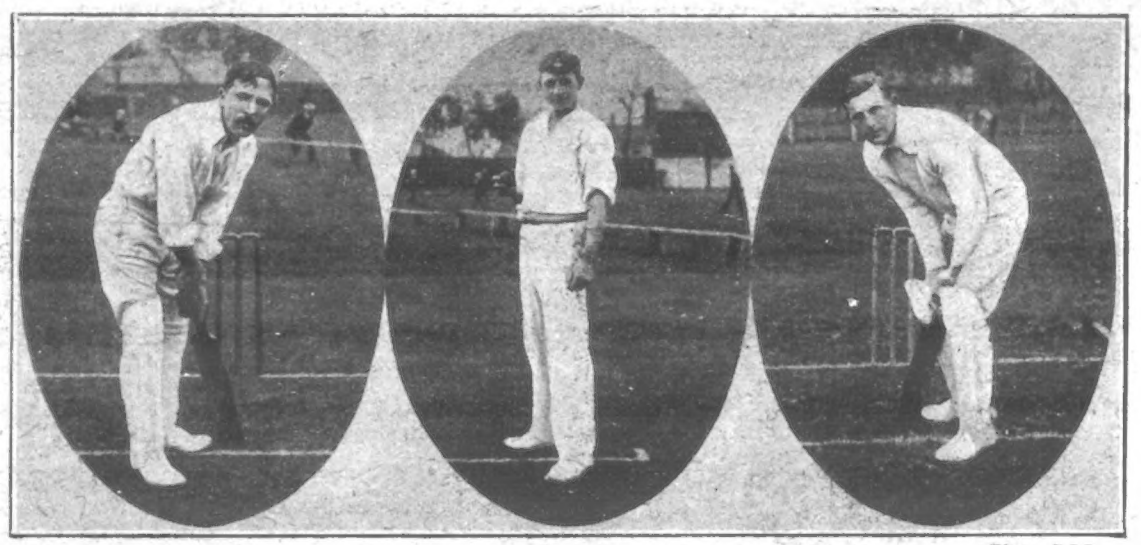
Kent are a team mostly composed of youngsters, and therein lies their strength. They are one of the most patriotic of sides, every one of them keen on winning, and caring nothing for the law of averages, striving every moment for the honour of the side rather than for personal aggrandisement. That is the spirit in which the game should be played, and it is due to this *esprit de corps* that Kent hold their present proud position in the cricket world.

And the public who patronise Kent cricket are not slow to appreciate the fact that they are supporting a side well worthy of the best traditions of the county. Against Lancashire on the last three days of the Canterbury week, the "hop" county quite outplayed the wearers of the red rose, who could only muster two innings of appeared in hopeless case, but one or other of the side has risen to the occasion when matters have been at their worst, and this was the case in the Leicestershire match, played at Leicester on the last three days of last week.

The home county opened well by scoring 425, of which number C. J. B. Wood contributed 148, the Crawfords, Whitehead, and King also making useful additions to the total. The present champions, however, responded with 483, Rhodes being responsible for 119 of them. Davie Denton also played very finely for eighty, and other good scores were made by Haigh and Tunnicliffe. When the game was left unfinished, Leicestershire were only 111 runs on with five wickets to fall, so that Yorkshire, as already stated, had the best of the draw.

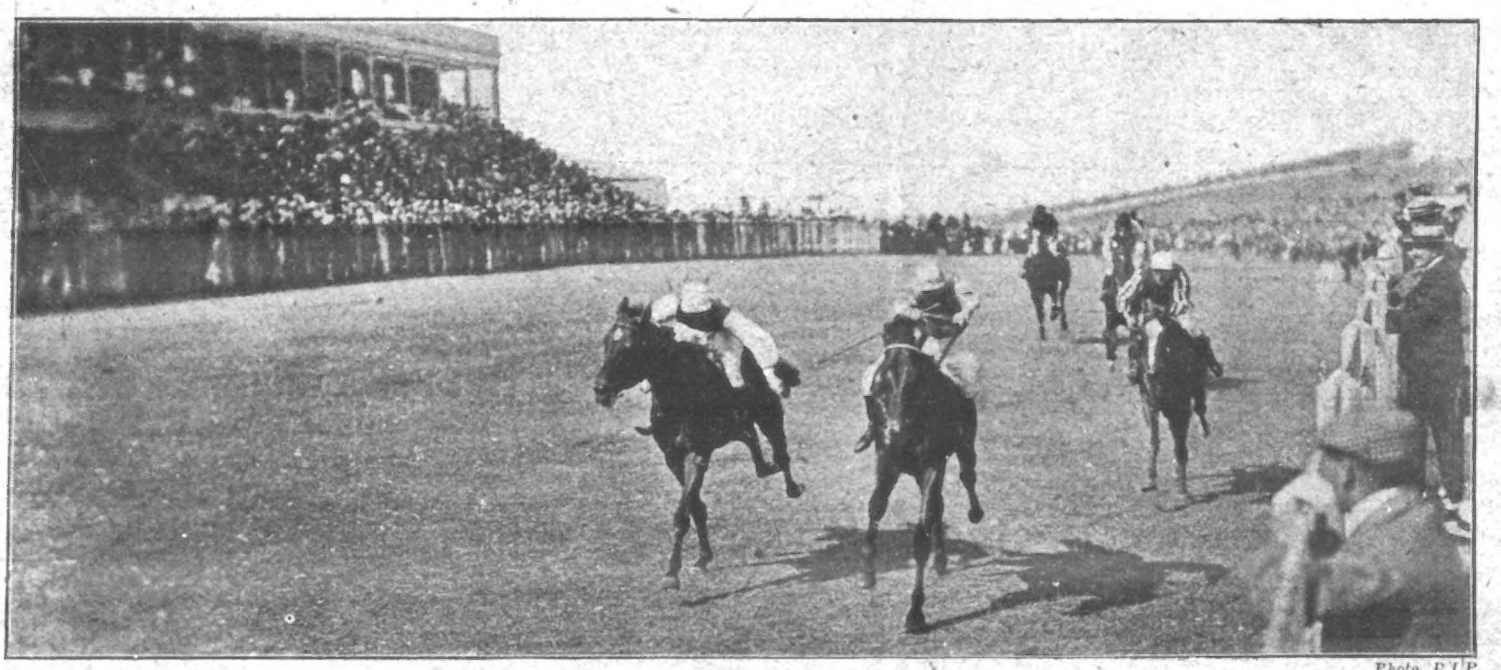
Warwickshire and Derbyshire played a draw at Edgbaston, and honours were fairly evenly divided at the finish, the latter county scoring 182 and 357, to which the home side responded with 303 and 115 for four wickets. Hallam (sixty-eight), Cadman (ninety-four), L. G. Wright (fifty), and C. A. Ollivierre (seventy-four) did best for Derbyshire, and on the Warwickshire side, Willie Quaife was top scorer with eighty-eight and fifty-five (not out). Others who performed well with the bat were T. S. Fishwick and Lilley.

Heavy scoring characterised the match between Somerset and Worcestershire, no less than four centuries being scored during the game. To this was nearly added a third, for P. R. Johnson, who scored 109 in Somerset's second innings, had preceded it with ninety-six at the first attempt. On the same side Lewis made 107 and F. A. Phillips 109. R. E. Forster played in his best form for 198 in the first innings of Worcester, and in the second Pearson contributed a lively 105 (not out). It was a clear case of the superiority of the bat over the ball.



Photos, P.I.P.

SOME CRICKET ATTITUDES (NOTTINGHAM): 1. J. Gunn. 2. F. Wass. 3. A. O. Jones.



Photo, P.I.P.

BRIGHTON RACES, THE FINISH FOR THE BRIGHTON CUP: Won by Lord Howard de Walden's "His Eminence," Captain Orr-Ewing's "Spate" being second.

Photos, P.I.P.

SOME CRICKET ATTITUDES (NOTTINGHAM): 1. Iremonger. 2. F. Oates. 3. Day.

SWIMMING.

The swimming portion of the City Police annual festival was held in the lake at the Crystal Palace, and proved a big success. Interest was also added to the meeting by the mile championship of the Southern Counties being included in the programme, though there would have been plenty of sport without it. The holder of the title, A. G. Harvey, Ravensbourne S.C., again beat the opposition, his time being 29min. 41 2-5sec. H. M. Smith, Old Blues S.C., was second, and G. F. Simmonds, City of Westminster F.C., third. It is worthy of note that all the first twelve men beat the standard time of 35min.

The quarter of a mile amateur championship of the police was won by a Manchester man, P.C. Mayne, who beat the holder, P.C. Robinson, also a Manchester City policeman, by 3yds. P.C. Innocent, of the City of London Police, was third, and the time was 6min. 47sec. Mayne was comparatively unknown outside Manchester circles, though he has been swimming since he was twelve years old. He is now twenty-one, and has only been in the force nine months.

ATHLETICS & CYCLING.

The present year has beaten all records in the annals of Scottish athletics, both as regards quantity and quality. Last week the Glasgow Rangers F.C. were honoured by the entries of the best athletes in the land at their sports at Ibrox Park, and with only a few days' interval the Celtic F.C. were similarly successful at Celtic Park, where a huge crowd witnessed the struggle for supremacy between the champions from all parts of the United Kingdom.

The best performance of the day was undoubtedly that of Lieut. Windham Halswell, the English champion at a quarter of a mile. In a handicap at that distance he covered the 440 yards in 49sec., and so created a fresh record for a Scottish track. It is only half a second worse than the 48½ standing to the credit of H. C. L. Tindall and E. C. Bredin. M. W. Long, of the New York A.C., has been said to have done 47sec., but no English authority that I have met has any belief in the correctness of the time.

Halswell had to play second fiddle to G. Butterfield, of Darlington, in the half-mile, the Englishman winning in 2min., and he was also beaten by G. Sandilands, of the Edinburgh Harriers, in the level hundred, but he put in a good afternoon's work, notwithstanding. The Western Counties quarter-mile championship of the Scottish Cycling Union was also decided at the meeting, the winner being D. Gould, of the Grand National C.C., and later in the afternoon D. Flynn, the Scottish champion, beat the previous Scottish record of 31sec. at the distance by doing 29 3-5sec. The latter also won the five miles scratch race on wheels.

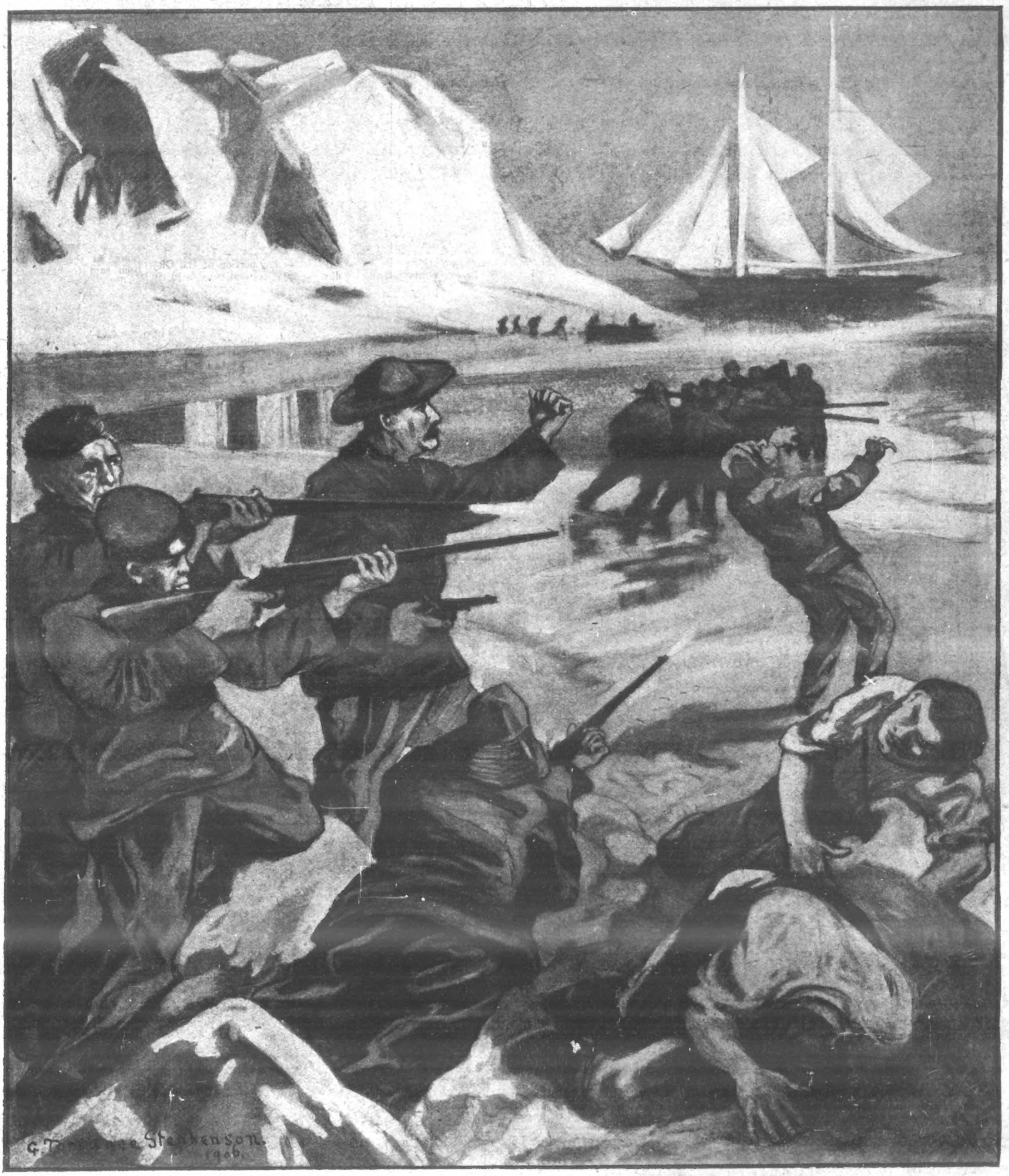
The Polytechnic C.C. members were in grand form at the annual championships of the Southern Counties Cycling Union at Herne Hill. H. C. Bouffler, of the club named, proved the winner in the mile, with J. Matthews, Putney A.C., second, and F. P. Sueur, of the St. John's A.C. (Jersey), third. The time, 3min. 36 3-5sec., suggests a three-laps crawl and a one-lap race. The two miles tandem N.C.U. championship (London Centre) was won by C. V. Clark and W. C. Le Grys of the Poly C.C., in 4min. 46sec., and the fifty miles S.C.C.U. championship fell to C. H. Bartlett of the same club, his time being 1hr. 46min. 51sec. Another Polyman, S. R. Woodward, won a half-mile handicap—truly a great day for Regent Street.

The annual sports of the City Police were decided at the Crystal Palace, and included both athletics and swimming. The events in the water are dealt with elsewhere. Those on the track were very interesting, though they were not of first-class importance, with the exception of a couple of open handicaps. That at 100 yards was won by A. Ewing, of the Highgate Harriers, and one of 300 yards went to F. G. Eades, of the G.W.R. C.C., Ewing being his runner-up.

A big crowd gathered at Paddington Recreation Ground to witness the sports of the Paddington C.C., and the meeting was a big success. The fifty miles cycle race for the Alexander Clark Shield was the chief item on the programme, and this was won by Leon Meredith, who scored an easy victory by three laps from H. King and W. Webster, in the order named, the time being 1hr. 56min. 55sec.

The Manchester Dock Police sports were held on the ground of the Salford Football Club last Saturday, and attracted a large number of people. W. A. Shee, of the Salford Harriers, won the half-mile handicap, and W. E. Hemmingsley, of the Oldham Clarion C.C., was first over the line in the one mile bicycle handicap. The quarter of a mile, open to the police force, was accounted for by G. Harrison, of the Manchester City Division, G. Parker, of the Hull Police, broke the tape in the 100 yards, and the two miles bicycle handicap was won by H. Hughes, of the Manchester A.C.

An Exciting Fight with Seal Poachers.



Five Japanese po... ners among the seal rookeries in Alaskan waters have been killed by the American Fishery Protection officers, and twenty-two were taken prisoners and will be prose... ted. The Japanese schooners were first observed on July 16th close in shore and well within the three-mile limit, and a boat's crew were surprised and captured. On the following day two native watchmen shot and killed two and wounded one of an armed landing party. Under the cover of the fog which prevailed at the time the crews of the schooners shot a number of seals close to the shore. During most of the day reports of shot-guns were frequently heard, and in the evening the crews of three schooners made a concerted raid on three widely-separated seal rookeries. After considerable firing the native guard repulsed the raid on the Seapandi rookeries, but the raid on the north-east point was partially successful, as, on account of the fog, the Japanese were not discovered until 200 seals had been killed. This raid was apparently participated in by an entire ship's crew in five boats, and was ultimately repulsed. The raiders were discovered by the natives, who hold leases from the North American Commercial Company, giving seal fishing privileges. Mr. Lempke, a special agent, was summoned by telephone, and he arrived at the moment when the Japanese reached the shore. He ordered the boat's crew to surrender, which they did. Subsequently a patrol saw a dozen other Japanese skinning over 200 seals, which they had slaughtered indiscriminately, many cows being among the killed. The raiders refused to surrender, and tried to make off with their booty in small boats. The special agent thereupon ordered the native guard to fire, and three of the Japanese dropped dead on the beach, while another of the killed fell overboard from one of the escaping boats, and a fifth body was found in a boat which drifted ashore. The craft which escaped carried away 120 skins.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

Mr. Fred. Niblo, the American story-teller, who has made such a hit at the Palace Theatre, tells with much gusto how the news of his European tour was received by some of his relatives in the States. He has an old uncle living at Hampshire, U.S.A., and whose ideas of geography are somewhat dwarfed when applied to foreign lands. Niblo says: "He seemed much surprised when I told him I was going to London, and asked me if I intended visiting England. I explained London's relation to England; and then he put up another question as to whether I should take in Paris, to which I replied in the affirmative. His next question was, 'I suppose you'll be going to the Continent?' and when I told him that Paris was on the Continent he seemed mildly surprised, and sa' ' 'Wal, Fred, if you keep going right on, you'll be going to Europe one of these days, won't you?' I fled."

As may be supposed, there have been many statements as to the identity of the beautiful young dancer who prefers to be known as "La Domino Rouge," and who will make her first appearance at the Palace Theatre on Aug. 20th. Americans have been particularly struck with the pertinacity with which the artiste clings to her disguise, but Mr. Oscar Hummerstein, the well-known American impressario, has made a statement in the New York Press that he knows who "La Domino Rouge" really is. Mr. Hummerstein offers to pay "La Domino Rouge" £100 per week to appear as première danseuse of his Manhattan Grand Opera Ballet which will be produced next November. Supplementing this announcement, Mr. Hummerstein offers to pay £200 if he is not correct in his surmises on the understanding that she accepts his offer and returns to America unmasked. "La Domino Rouge" will give an exhibition of the Terpsichorean Art that has seldom been seen in this country, and will be assisted by a troupe of dancers and further aided by novel stage effects.

Mme. Melba drew an enormous audience to the Winter Gardens symphony concert at Blackpool on Sunday, Mr. Landon Ronald conducting. In consequence of the crowd obstructing the traffic, it was found necessary to open the doors three hours before the advertised time of the concert. The great singer sang three songs, each being encored, the most successful being Gounod's "Ave Marie," Albert Spalding playing the violin obligato, both artistes being rapturously recalled again and again. Albert Spalding's playing of Saint-Saëns' "Rondo Capriccioso" also created great enthusiasm. The young violinist will be heard in London during the autumn, he having arranged to give four symphony concerts at the Queen's Hall.

Histrionism "runs" with particular strength in the Terry family. Daniel Terry, who was long connected with the Edinburgh stage, and his wife—herself no mean actress—carefully tutored their children in their own art, and made them all face the footlights. Ellen Terry, says a writer in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, and her gifted sisters (Kate, Marion, and Florence), as well as the brothers Charles and Fred, the latter the youngest of the family, and now the husband of Miss Julia Neilson, were drafted one by one into their parents' profession. For some years the sisters were constantly before the public, and, indeed, on one occasion three of them (Ellen, Marion, and Florence) actually appeared together. It was in the Trial scene from the "Merchant of Venice."

It almost always happens, when the salary of an actor is mentioned in a "Theatrical Dispute" case in the Courts, that the judge—or, if not the judge, one of the counsel—expresses astonishment at its princely proportions, and remarks, to the respectful laughter of the brand-new wigs, that he wishes the law were as generous to its servants as the theatre appeared to be to hers. The actor in Court laughs with the brand-new wigs, and with the judge or the counsel who delivers the time-worn words; but the actor's laugh is a shrewd, sad, impatient laugh, provoked not by the wit of the legal luminary's observation, but by the thought and knowledge of what £50 or £100 a week really represents sometimes when reckoned up in arriving at a year's earnings. £100 a week has been known before now to amount to £200 a year, for, although the actor engaged at this high weekly salary may have been guaranteed a three months' run, and the agreement may be in the best black-and-white ever signed, sealed, and delivered, it is not of much use "going to law" for the rest of the money properly due to him when the play, failing to attract, has swallowed up in a fortnight the capital upon which it has been launched.

The actor "commanding" this wonderful salary has just to content himself with what he can get, says a writer in *M.A.P.*, and with spending a good deal of that in advertising that he is "Disengaged." Perhaps he may be "Disengaged" for six months—perhaps a year. And when he appears as the leading man in the melancholy tragedy "Bankruptcy," people are very apt to wonder, in no agreeable tone, that a man receiving often as much as £100 a week should not have been able to steer clear of financial troubles. I have been speaking lately with actors and actresses whose salaries, when they are "in a shop" (as the theatrical phrase goes), range between £15 and £35 a week, and they have all, where the question of money-earning is concerned, envied the state of the man or woman whose work brings in a steady £5 or £2 10s. a week. This is the "Disengaged" season, and an excellent time for the stage student who may be doubtful as to his talents for a dramatic career to decide whether or not he will turn to the theatre for a living. Should he require any inducement beyond that of his own inward investigations to leave the stage alone, let him look down the columns of the periodicals devoted in a technical and official sense to the profession of the actor. If he decided then to take the plunge, it will not be on account of a limited distribution of the grim word "Disengaged."

The band of instrumentalists at the Lyric, under the direction of Herr Richard Eckhold, is so large that about half a dozen members of it overflow into the stage boxes. A little girl in the dress circle—the child of an actress—was asked when she got home how she enjoyed the performance of Tschaikowsky's "Eugene Onegin." "I liked it very much," she answered, "but I would have liked it even better if they hadn't allowed a horrid man in one of the boxes to imitate the orchestra with a big trumpet just whenever he liked!"

A new musical episode entitled "The Tea-Shop Girl" will shortly appear at the leading halls. It is written and composed by Mr. E. Rose and Miss D. Challenor, who will both appear in it. Miss Alice Wade will play the principal character. It is interesting to note that Miss Rose is the only member of the dramatic profession who possesses the coveted distinction of the D.S.O.

In addition to sliding-roofs and specially-constructed canopies to keep the theatres cool, fans are now being served out free to patrons of Hackney, Holloway, Stratford, New Cross, and Shepherd's Bush Empires.

Seaside Pitches.

Only a few years ago (says *Cassell's Saturday Journal*) the sands were free to niggers, cheap jacks, ice-cream merchants, and all the rest; now every mother's son of them has to pay rent. Stands for musicians, free till somebody, in endeavouring to work a "corner," voluntarily offered to pay a rent for them, and so opened the eyes of seaside corporations, now fetch £50 and upwards for the season. For a ring at Yarmouth, two or three years back, £70 was paid, and the price has gone up since, while two troupes of pierrots are said to give the corporation of a certain resort on the north-east coast no less than £400 for the privilege of occupying a few square yards of the foreshore during the season. Other "pitches" are now let at commensurately high rates. At Blackpool, one of the towns where such sites are allotted by auction, a small one—that is, for an ice-cream barrow—fetches £70 or £75 for the season; and at Yarmouth this year even a ventriloquist will pay 32s. 6d. per week for his "pitch," though a Punch-and-Judy man has got his stand for half a guinea weekly.

A Secret that Cost a Fortune.

As a rule women never make any money at Monte Carlo, because they lose their heads. It is the women gamblers who make the Casino coffers so rich, women drawn to the tables of pleasure like moths to a candle. It is, nevertheless, a fact that a woman (says a writer in *The Penny Magazine*) made more money out of the Casino than anyone else had ever done. She was an old woman, and had been a regular attendant at the tables for years, but had lost more money than she won there.

But suddenly she noticed that at the roulette tables two numbers always followed each other. For instance, when the croupier spun with the number nine opposite him the winning number was twenty-six, and so on. She arranged the winning numbers on a paper and then began to bet. She won—won heavily. In a short time she had accumulated 300,000 francs, and broken the bank three times. The officials were at first astounded, then suspicious, and soon panic-stricken. They sent for M. Blanc from Paris, and after a long interview he persuaded the lady to part with her secret for 70,000 francs. Then it was found that the woman's system was not a system at all. The secret of her success was bound up in the fact that the roulette-wheel had become warped with the heat, and always stuck at a certain point when a certain number was spun.

Photo, Play Pictorial.

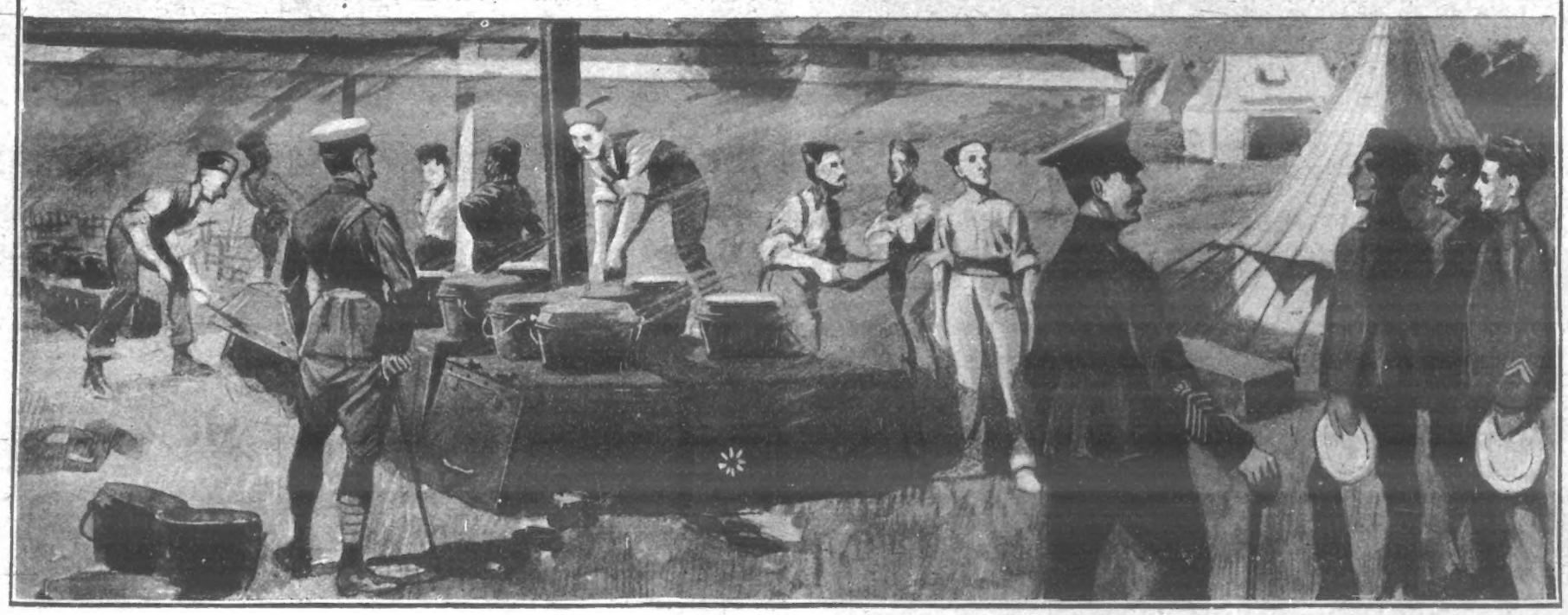
"THE GEISHA" AT DALY'S: Miss Marie Studholme and Mr. Robert Evett.

Photo, Bassano.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF CHARMIMG MISS DORIS STOCKER.

"LA DOMINO ROUGE" AT THE PALACE THEATRE: "La Domino Rouge" the young dancer who has caused such a big sensation in America for the past year, will make her first appearance on the stage of the Palace Theatre on August 20th. In street or on the stage, "La Domino Rouge" has never been seen without wearing a red domino, showing a black coronet over the left eye, and, as may be surmised, great curiosity has been aroused as to who the lady is.

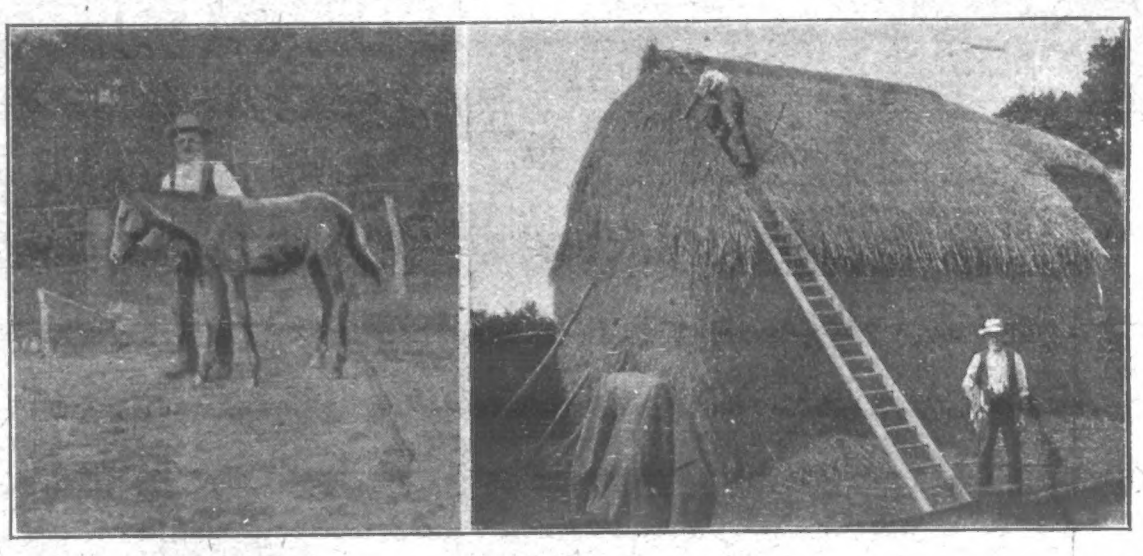
VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES AT SALISBURY PLAIN.



SOME INCIDENTS IN THE VOLUNTEER CAMPAIGN AT SALISBURY LAST WEEK

1. First night in the officers' mess of the Leeds Rifles, West Down Camp. 2. The finish of the big field-day; the Secretary of War talking to some staff officers at Blackball Furze. 3. Preparing a meal at the field kitchens.

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.



AT THE "DARBY AND JOAN" FARM: 1. Here is the kind old stockman of the "Darby and Joan" Homestead, feeding the motherless foal. An orphan foal is a most difficult thing to rear. It will have as many ailments as a child. 2. Thatching the Haystack: Small holders are, as a rule, farmers' handymen. They undertake the skilled tasks, such as thatching, hedging, etc. At these occupations the hours are never too long, because they always work by the piece. A good thatcher and his mate can earn about five shillings a day each.

Big Gooseberries.

It is the season for big gooseberries. There has not been such a bad year for bird robbers of the ripening fruit for a long time. We know of one plot of gooseberries that were standing to ripen where the owner encourages thrushes and blackbirds. One afternoon we were admiring the fine, large, and nearly ripe berries. The next day we passed along with a camera, and, look you, they were gone! They had not been picked. The birds had had them all. However, the big gooseberry growers, as a rule, protect their fruit. The protecting is easy enough. A chained or caged cat on the plot answers very well. A stuffed cat's skin changed about two or three times daily on the fruit plot also makes a good bird-scarer. Query: As to the "Protection of Wild Birds!" Many of us rustics opine that the "protectors" would do well to exchange views, if not places, with us now and then. Big gooseberries take a lot of making, really big ones, as large as big walnuts, that is. The champion gooseberry exhibitors will get their berries all of that size, at least. It is a really strange thing that no one has up to now made a speciality of big gooseberries for the dessert table. The smooth red, white and yellow champagnes, the fine green-skinned Royal George, Glenton Green, and Jolly Cutler; and the rich amber-coloured Golden Drop all make giant-sized fruits. What shows up so prettily on the dessert table as dishes of red and white and yellow and green gooseberries? They are a fruit that every one can eat, and for luscious, fruity flavour there is not a fruit that can be named at the same time. Mind, we are referring to the dessert varieties. Some of the green market sorts are coarse and flavourless, full of seed-pips, and not fit for table use. The hairy sorts are usually of this latter order. Intending big-berry growers must raise their own bushes. They should begin next September or October with cuttings. The soil for them must be rich and deep. After getting the rooted cuttings planted out next spring, summer pruning must be resorted to. All the first year's fruit should be picked off, thus giving the bushes a chance of making wood. At two years' old these bushes should be well set with fruit buds. These, as they form fruit, are to be thinned. Thinning has two aims: (1) To reduce the quantity on the bush so that those remaining may get all the growth possible; (2) to distribute the crop evenly over the whole of the fruiting wood so that no particular branch may carry too few or too many.

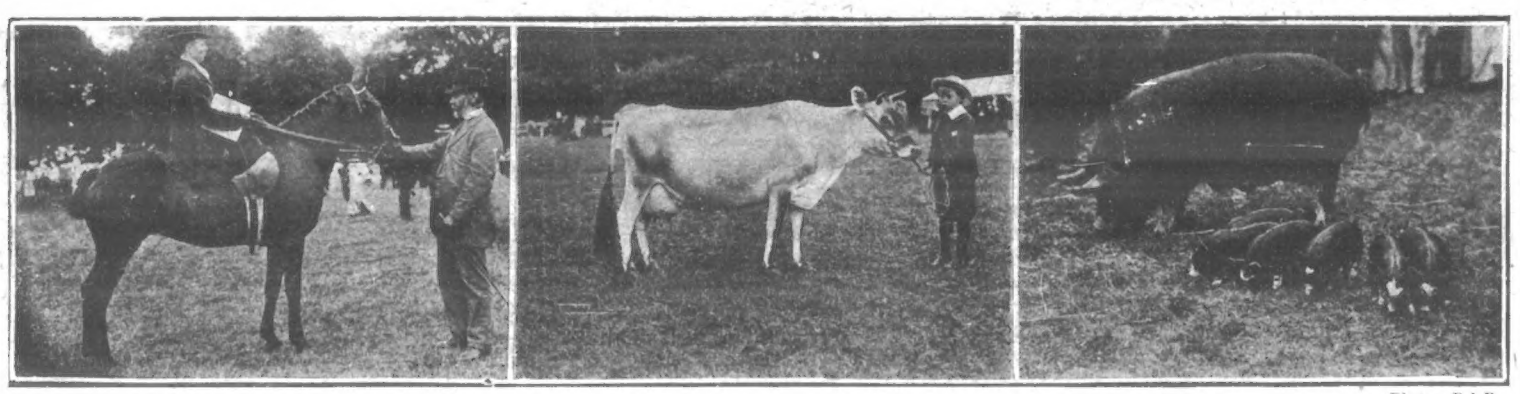
Pigs for Profit.

Since the Chicago meat scare a good many meat producers and large consumers have been seeking to turn their hand. Even some of the workhouse masters have been asking the guardians for their support of plans for pig-keeping. It is quite certain that every workhouse that has a good area of land under cultivation for the supply of vegetables could produce all the eggs, poultry-flesh, pork and bacon that the place could consume. We mean, that given the labour and the land, there should be no outlay of cash required on the undertaking other than for first stocking purposes. Oats and barley are all that pigs and fowls need in the way of grain. The vegetable waste, by which we mean green cabbage leaves, etc., as well as cooked small and damaged potatoes, parsnips, etc., would keep a number of breeding sows going all the year round, and also help to carry on store pigs, and fatten those intended for killing. Great authorities on pork-making assert that every 4lb. to 5lb. of meal used should make 1lb. of pork, that is when porkers are fairly in the way of fattening. A sow, every sow, in fact, is competent, or should be, to produce and rear twenty to twenty-four little pigs yearly. One breeder of our acquaintance has an old sow that brought fifty-three young ones at three litters. Of course, such births are abnormal. No sow could rear so many. But start a piggery with ten sows and one may reasonably calculate on their produce being equal to 220 porkers every twelve months. Porkers, if carried on to eight months old, should make 180lb. weight each. Now, $180 \times 220 = 39{,}600$lb.; 40,000lb. of pork at 6d. per lb. makes £1,000. And, again we say, there is not a workhouse with a good area of land under cultivation that could not cater for and keep going ten or a dozen breeding sows. By a good area of land we mean 10, 20, or 30 acres and upwards. As to its cultivation under oats, barley, roots, and vegetables, every arable farmer is working such under ordinary every day methods always. There is nothing new and nothing to learn. It only requires the right man at the head of the business to ensure success.

WEEK BY WEEK ON THE FARM: Harvesting in East Anglia. In Norfolk and Suffolk the inland waterways are more used for carrying crops than the road.

Allotments v. Small Holdings.

It is only a step from the topic last under notice to this feature of land question. Land hunger is the first great unsatisfied crave of every born rustic. Land hunger, which is being made a tool of to-day by some who do not understand it, and do not wish to, is a real, living, everlasting means to an end—that of self-betterment, which lies in the bosom of every man and woman of rural birth whose ambition is to pay their way! The whole superstructure of plodding progress by the land arises from the latter phrase and its meaning. Rustics have no ambition to appear to be better than their neighbours, but they all aim and strive to be as good. From first to last that ambition centres around the land, its possession, and its possibilities. The cottager who has no land finds some outlet for his ambition in an allotment. Only an allotment perforce of circumstances, mind you; his thence is self-betterment, and his first step thereto is the pig. That again perforce. Give him a small holding and his ambition would quickly find a way to stock it. Naturally his aim would be cows. The cow represents to the small holder the main-spring of every development. There is a beyond, of course; that is the horse. To arrive at the horse-owning stage means to have risen to the rank of farmer, premising that it is the working of a small holding that has compelled the step. We will put it that such a stage would mean that the man possesses at least three cows, and that his area of land is anywhere above 3 acres. Now, at this point we may perhaps draw the clearest comparison between allotments and small holdings. With the allotment, and nothing beyond to hope for, a cottager can at the best only fatten two or three pigs; that is if he does not expend capital on food. On the small holding there is the certainty of a competence for life no matter what may befall. Every one of its products turns to cumulative gain. Nothing need be bought. Even the straw from the corn which he has used for the feeding of his stock and his family will be turned into manure. Should there be a surplus, say of potatoes, for instance, he disposes of it for cash. But his income from sales will depend chiefly on the cows, pigs, and poultry. There need be little difficulty in estimating the turn-over of such an holding. It cannot, with fair luck, run below £100 a year. The allotment, at its very best, cannot turn over a tenth of that sum. We do not agree with Mr. Jesse Collings in everything, and we have not read his most recent book; but we are very much of his way of thinking as to the value of small holdings. They should be, as he says, universally obtainable at no other trouble to the claimant than that of making a demand.



TRING AGRICULTURAL SHOW: 1. Ponies ridden by boys and girls; winner, Miss Rollins, on her pony "Actress." 2. Lady Rothschild's Jersey cow "Whitewood," two firsts. 3. Hon. A. Holland Hibbert's Berkshire sow with litter.

Photos P.I.P.

Rearing Pets.

Simply put, any bird or animal that is reared by hand from its birth becomes a pet. The lamb whose mother died in the fold last spring and which is brought up in the farm kitchen, or the foal that became an orphan at a week old, and which has been reared by kindly hands upon prepared milk, both make sweet pets. There is an orphan foal on our farmstead at present. It gets more attention and more petting than any animal on the place. Daily the little girl who makes a pet of it combs and brushes its coat, and its tail and mane, and washes its feet. She has taught it to lead and to back, and it comes readily at the familiar call. This pet will surely never require the horse-breaker's cruel attentions! That is what we are driving at. Familiarity and gentleness will do more than all the rough handlings that colts are subjected to to make them tractable.

Replies in Brief.

FILBERTS should have pruned his bushes hard in last winter. The plan of letting them spread is fatal to a crop.

Summer pruning of currant and gooseberry bushes will make JESSIE'S bushes more shapely for the winter, as well as causing them to fruit better next year.

On a cold clay soil you will not do "the best possible," NELLY, with a laying strain of hens. The bad time of the land comes just when you are looking for your good time of the eggs.

PATER should start his boys with a little pocket-money—at first, anyhow—if he wishes them to become fanciers of either poultry or rabbits. They all cost something before one looks for profits.

The Langshan will suit MRS. K. G., but she must be careful to obtain the big, long-limbed type if table birds are wanted. They lay capitally in winter and spring. Their eggs are of a rich brown colour.

DARBY AND JOAN.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Variations in Trimming.

Wide coarse lace is being very much used as a trimming on linen frocks and dresses of Shantung and dyed Tussore silk, medallions of string coloured lace are also extremely effective in conjunction with the same materials, and a simple yet charming style of skirt can be effected by enclosing a row of such medallions between groups of tucks. A lovely dress, too, can be achieved by means of frills to the exclusion of any other form of trimming. A frilled skirt, even if the frills are merely machine-stitched, without being edged with lace, always looks trim and dainty, while sleeves composed entirely of tiny frills have been quite one of the season's features.

The Holiday Trunk.

What to take away for wear during the holiday season still remains the burning question of the hour. Different places, to a certain extent, demand different toilettes, yet with a supply of cotton dresses, and the inevitable serge costume, one can scarcely go very far wrong. Country lanes hardly demand light dresses so much as useful skirts and blouses, but for the seaside one can hardly have too many frocks of a light and dainty description. If one is staying at a place where there is any pretension to evening amusements, such as dancing or impromptu theatricals, an evening skirt and a semi-evening blouse are desirable additions when packing the holiday trunk.

A Chiffon Robe.

Most girls have a black silk petticoat in their wardrobe, or, better still, an old black silk slip, in which case the Carlton is the ideal robe to be included in the holiday trunk. It consists of a lovely black silk chiffon overskirt, very full spreading, with the fulness gathered evenly into the waistband. There is a deep gauged flounce trimmed with three wide graduated bands of taffeta chiffon, and the hem is further decorated with a four-inch band of the same at the hem. This skirt, price 23s. 9d., is an ideal one for wear with dainty blouses, while plain material for a bodice to match can be obtained at 1s. 6¾d. a yard.

End-of-Season Bargains.

The sun-ray pleated skirt seems like the blouse, to be cut out for everlasting popularity. Black and white and grey shepherd check sun-ray skirts are to be had in 38-inch and 40-inch lengths for 4s. 11d. and are very smart and stylish at the price. A holland coat and skirt is a useful investment and very cheap at prices ranging from 4s. 11d. to 9s. 11d. While skirts only in 38-inch to 44-inch lengths are now to be had from 1s. 11d to 6s. 11d., cheap even when considered as end-of-season prices.

Styles for Skirts.

Flounces bid fair to be a favourite style of trimming for skirts. A cloth skirt looks well with a plain front panel, and three shaped flounces, the first covering the hem and the last starting above the knee. About the depth of each flounce should separate the flounces one from the other. A very smart style is to have a centre seam down the front of the skirt, this seam to commence to open out at the knee, to show an underskirt, where it is fastened across by means of tiny bows, some three or four in number. The same idea is repeated in the bodice which opens out over a vest tapering to the waist and laced across in similar fashion by tiny bows. The sleeves are also arranged to correspond, the material being slashed open to show under-sleeves of lace or muslin while the over-sleeves are lightly drawn together by tiny bows graduated in size from shoulder to elbow. The peplum style of skirt requires a slender figure, or, failing that, at least a tall one and then it is very graceful and successful. It is at its best in plain silks and materials, and adapted to a somewhat severe style of trimming.

What a Woman Says of Woman's Love.

Men take love calmly, as they do any other fortune. If it comes to them, well and good. If it does not come, also well and good. They are cheerfully aware that there are a number of other things worth having beyond the doubtful joy of loving and being loved; but to a woman to have missed *la grande passion*—never to love or to be loved—is the supreme tragedy of existence.

One of the greatest and the cruellest delusions practised in this world is that which leads us to make a generous and enthusiastic woman believe that she can change a man by loving him.

When a woman once loves a man, he knows he can't lose her, and so he takes no trouble to keep her.

When men were done with quixotic chivalry they passed it on to women, and the world is full of wives and mothers who not only cast the cloak of their love around some man's weakness, but throw it in the mud for him to trample upon.

Where They Fail.

There is a common cry concerning the shortcomings of servants just now. It is true of many, but a fact not generally recognised is that it applies to many other persons besides domestic assistants.

Take a small household, for instance, where a "general" is kept; the mistress complains that she wastes a great deal of time by not planning her work a little beforehand. She has a particular vegetable to boil, let us suppose, and she proceeds to scrape or otherwise prepare it, and then she puts on the cold water to boil. She has forgotten to put that water on the stove so that it might reach the boil by the time she had finished the preparation. This causes her to stand still for a time, as she cannot meddle with other things in the midst of cookery.

This is a very simple instance, but it will serve to illustrate the meaning of thinking ahead. One often hears in rural districts the remark that "your head doesn't spare your legs!" You have carried some article upstairs, and then have found or remembered that there was something else to go up which could easily have been carried at the same time.

The explanation of this failing is a lack of system. The student who wants to use his time for study to the greatest advantage, allots a certain proportion of that time to each subject, and he gets through a lot more work than the one who learns this or that lesson "when he is in the humour for it." This systematising leads quite naturally to forethought and so, logically, to a saving of time, and the accomplishment of more work in a given space.

But when a servant fails in this way is there no portion of the blame to be laid at the door of her mistress? It sometimes happens that the mistress deserves a large portion of it, not because she is so unsystematic herself (although this is not infrequently the case), but because she does not endeavour to train the girl by pleasant explanation. The girl has not been trained in this respect; this faculty to make the most of one's time, to look ahead, is not so common as it might be. Some have it born in them, while others have to be educated. And it is surprising what may be done in this direction, even with young persons who do not appear naturally quick, when the tuition is given in an agreeable manner.

Unfortunately there is often a lack of interest in the work to be done; the month's money will come just the same as if more energy and forethought had been exercised. In such cases, the most pleasant form of training has no more effect than pouring water on a duck's back. Nevertheless mistresses will find the advice worth trying, and maids will discover that it is worth accepting, for, whether it be master or man, mistress or maid, in office or household, the one who adopts the course mentioned will be amply repaid.

MISS WEATHERLEY: a charming young soprano who has already attained distinction on the operatic stage in Paris, where she made her debut. She has been induced recently to join the English stage, and has played in the "White Chrysanthemum," in which she also understudied Miss Isabel Jay. She will shortly be cast for a leading part, written specially for her, in a new light opera.

Chestnut Salad.

Take one pound of shelled and blanched chestnuts, cover with boiling water, add a small blade of mace and a bay leaf, and the roots of a head of celery and boil until tender. Drain and when cool cut them in slices. Prepare an equal amount of sliced celery, and, when ready to serve, cut two sour apples into slices, mix all together and add good mayonnaise to moisten all.

The Care of the Feet.

Many people ill-treat their feet by cramming them into ill-fitting and too tight shoes, and, though they talk learnedly enough about the necessity of ventilation, they keep their poor feet in air-tight coverings, and expect them to carry the weight of their bodies all day without protest. Or, it may be, they are careful to have properly fitting boots, but put on stockings a size too large or too small, and then they wonder why their feet are tender and blister easily, and that they are afflicted with corns.

Almost as necessary as the proper foot-covering is the proper toilette. Stockings should be very frequently changed, and, as the feet perspire a good deal, owing to their confinement and all the work they have to do, they should be washed at least once in a day.

The same pair of shoes should not be worn on two following days; it is easy to arrange to wear one's boots alternately, and giving them a rest time in which to get dried and aired is an hygienic and economical plan, for damp boots often give cold, and they are quickly trodden out of shape.

Sufferers from burning, tender feet find great relief from sponging them over night and morning with vinegar and water. A gill of good vinegar put into a quart bottle and filled up with water makes a useful lotion for the feet, and it may be applied with a little sponge kept for the purpose.

For corns a homely and useful cure is made by crushing some washing soda and dissolving as much as possible of it in hot water. This may be bottled and kept on the washstand, and applied with a little brush.

Photos, P.I.P.

THE SIMPLE LIFE ON CANVEY ISLAND: The Salvation Army Girls'-Holiday Camp. 1. One of the sheds used as a sleeping room. 2. At the swings. 3. A quiet half-hour after dinner. 4. Lieut.-Colonel Tait (standing in the doorway) in command of the camp. 5. Dinner-time.

Photos, Flarieus.

COOL PICTURES FOR HOT WEATHER: By the sea at a French summer resort. Some amusing snapshots.

Don't Look Old.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. Lockyer's large Bottles everywhere.—Advt.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

The conference between the King and the Kaiser at Cronberg once again draws attention to the magnificent work which has been done in recent years by our Sovereign as diplomat and peace-maker. There is not a Cabinet Minister who knows the movements of foreign nations half so intimately as King Edward

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The Transvaal, Ireland, France, and now Germany have been among the most conspicuous and most difficult objects of his diplomacy, and one who knows him well has said that his labours on behalf of peace and good-will between the nations are not entirely confined to foreign visits such as that which he has just undertaken. His diplomacy is equally felt at home, and more than one actor-manager could tell of a suggestion from Marlborough House, and in latter days from Buckingham Palace, which postponed the presentation of a play or a song or a monologue internationally inopportune.

To the Tsar of Russia has been applied the title of Peace-maker, but, without in any way desiring to belittle the Emperor's rights to this compliment, it may be doubted whether there is any monarch now reigning, Nicholas II. not excepted, who has accomplished as much towards the peace of Europe as has King Edward.

His Majesty has now gone on to Marienbad for a well-earned holiday, which it is to be hoped he will be allowed to enjoy in peace and quiet. Last year he was followed about wherever he went by large crowds of admirers, greatly to his annoyance. An amusing sidelight on his popularity there was shown in the fact that at one time there were four King Edwards in the field; for, absurd as it may seem, three of the visitors had taken His Majesty's appearance so much to heart that their one ambition was to be saluted as the King of England, and to attain this result they practically disguised themselves as "Albert Edwards."

They wore beards trimmed the same way as His Majesty, they dressed as like him as possible, and if anyone bowed to them by mistake the expression of delight on their countenances was intensely amusing. The sight on the Colonnade when all four King Edwards were out at once was worth going many miles to see.

The restless energy of the Kaiser, who does many things, and does most of them remarkably well, has often been dilated upon. He shares with President Roosevelt the distinction of being the most many-sided and strenuous of all the rulers of the world. His favourite maxim is that a man should throw his whole mind and energy into whatever he has in hand, he should "work when he works, and play when he plays."

The Kaiser never allows any work to be carried over to the next day Every morning he unweariedly takes paper after paper from the great case of files which stand against the wall of his desk in the Palace, glancing rapidly over each document's contents, affixing his signature, and passing them on to his secretary until all the day's most pressing affairs have been dealt with.

The Kaiser practically controls everything in the country. Not only is every item—be it spat, strap, button, buckle, or tassel—in the accoutrements of the Emperor's vast uniformed army, in which is included the army proper, the navy, the State fire brigade corps, the police corps, and the vast official class, selected personally by His Majesty, but the tone, the personal manner, the outlook upon life, the very tastes of every unit in that vast body of men are more or less fashioned according to their Sovereign's will. And in the "civilian" world the personal rule of the Emperor makes itself equally felt.

Once he wrote under his portrait, which he gave to one of his ministers, "My wish is my order," and a famous saying of his is: "Only one is master in my country. That am I. Who opposes me I shall crush to pieces."

It appears that the Americans are not content with hustling themselves to death, they want now to hustle the brute creation. A horrible person, by the name of Dr. W. Reed Blair, the surgeon officially attached to the Bronx Zoo, New York, has decided that monkeys cannot talk because they have no nose to use as a sounding-board.

He has, therefore, selected two orang-outangs, two adult monkeys, and one baby monkey, on which he will graft artificial noses. The experiment will be tried first on the baby monkey, who will be excluded from other animals until it is decided whether it can learn to formulate words.

The cable which gives to the world this appalling information also states that the idea was gathered largely from experiments on a man with no nose, who could not formulate words until an artificial nose was supplied, when his articulation was restored. Somebody ought to take Dr. Reed Blair into a quiet corner and talk to him very severely. The world has no use for chattering monkeys. We have quite a large stock of a similar article on hand already.

Talking of empty-headed chatterers and other incompetents, seems to lead one quite naturally to the sensational report which was published last week regarding the muddle made by our amateur army in connection with the stores used in the South African War As one newspaper has already pointed out, Napoleon must surely have been joking when he described the English as a nation of shop-keepers. What with this Army scandal, and Poplar, and one thing and another which have cropped up lately in the daily papers, I think that Carlyle was probably nearer the real truth when he said that the population of England was thirty millions, mostly fools.

But: nevertheless. I feel rather sorry for those Army officers who muddled things so magnificently. They certainly might have done better even under existing circumstances, but it was not altogether their fault. The blame should be your's, and mine, and the nation's. We employ an amateur army, we never prepare for war, and we expect our amateur officers to be men-of-all work, instead of specialists in one particular branch of study.

The whole trouble is neatly put in one sentence by a writer in the *Standard*, who says: "If we wish our officers to do the work of Whiteley's or Harrod's, we must look out for an entirely different class, pay them on a far more generous basis, and make their rewards commensurate in some degree with their failure or success."

VALENTIA STEER.

GUN-RUNNING IN THE BALTIC: The Danish schooner "Peter," commanded by Captain Albertsen, has arrived at Copenhagen after an exciting adventure with Russian revolutionaries off the coast of Finland. When the schooner arrived off the Aland Islands the crew suddenly mutinied and, armed with revolvers, attacked the captain, whom they bound and locked in his cabin. Captain Albertsen remained a prisoner for six days, during which time a sailor armed with a revolver constantly kept guard over him. Through a crack in the wall the captain could see the other members of the crew bringing up cases from the hold and opening them. To the captain's astonishment they contained rifles and ammunition. The schooner finally put in at a point on the Finnish coast, where the arms and ammunition were landed by the crew, who then deserted the schooner. Captain Albertsen was released from his cabin by some Finnish fishermen, who explained that they had been forced, at the point of revolvers, to assist the sailors in landing the contraband.

Told in the Market Place.

Do you know a good story? If so don't keep it to yourself. Everybody likes to hear a good yarn, and to enjoy a good laugh.

In future I hope to run a column of good stories every week in the pages of P.I.P., *and I want to have these contributed by the readers of the paper.*

It will interest you to read your own pet stories in print, and it will amuse other people to read them.

I will give a small prize for every story used.

Postcards only, please, and write clearly. Address "Editor. Penny Illustrated Paper, 18 *Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C."*

Told the Truth.

A witness at a recent trial, who had been cautioned to give a precise answer to every question put to him, was interrogated by a blustering counsel as follows:

"You drive a waggon?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"Why, did you not tell my learned friend so just this moment?"

"No, sir."

"Then, for goodness' sake, what is your occupation?"

"I drive a horse."

Satisfying His Conscience.

"No," said the old gentleman sternly, "I will not do it. Never have I sold anything by false representations, and I will not begin now."

For a moment he was silent, and the clerk who stood before him could see that the better nature of his employer was fighting strongly for the right.

"No," said the old man again "I will not do it. It is an inferior grade of shoe, and I will never pass it off as anything better. Mark it 'A Shoe Fit for a Queen,' and put it in the window. A queen does not have to do much walking."

Julius Cæsar Went to Bed.

Mr. Robert Yerburgh, M.P., once told this story at a public meeting, during which the question of women's rights had ben touched upon.

An old bachelor became engaged to an elderly spinster, and the two were married. Six months after, the newly-wedded couple gave a dinner to an old bachelor friend of the host.

During dinner all went well enough, but when the antique bride had retired to the drawing-room, the two old fellows became merry and confidential over the walnuts and the wine.

"How do you like being married, old chap?" asked the guest.

"Oh! I like it well enough," answered the host. "I put my foot down from the first, and in this house my word is law, I can tell you; in this house I am Julius Cæsar!"

Just at this moment the door opened, and a solemn figure, clad in a long dressing-gown, and carrying a flat candle-stick in its hand, appeared, and an awful voice was heard:

"Julius Cæsar, go to bed!"

And Julius Cæsar went!

Paying Him Out.

An ironworker having had the worst of an argument with a friend decided to get even with him.

Waiting, therefore, until his enemy had retired to rest one night, he approached his street door, and knocked loudly to awaken him. Opening the bedroom window, the other hurriedly inquired what the noise was all about.

"Why," relied the outside man, "one of your windows is wide open."

"Which one?"

"Why, the one you have your head through," chuckled the other, as he went away, satisfied with the plot.

Not Likely.

An Irishman had received employment as a freight brakesman upon a railway in a mountainous section of Wales, and was to receive so many pence for each mile he traversed.

Upon one of his first trips the engineer lost control of his train, and at a dangerous rate it was speeding down the steep grades.

Suddenly the conductor saw his Irish companion standing up as though about to jump.

"Don't jump! You'll be killed!" he shouted.

"And do you think I'd be after jumpin' when I'm makin' money as fast as I am now?" replied the Irishman.

Soft and Light.

A lady, famed for her skill in cooking, was entertaining a number of friends at tea. Everything on the table was much admired, but the excellence of the sponge-cake was especially the subject of remark.

"Oh!" exclaimed one of the guests, "it is so beautifully soft and light; do tell me where you got the recipe?"

"I am very glad," replied the hostess, "that you find it so soft and light. I made it out of my own head."

Irish.

An Irish ganger on a railway, requiring more strength for a job in a cutting where men were working on scaffolds one above the other, shouted to three men on the topmost, "How many of you are there up yonder?"

"Three," came the response. "Well, half of you come down at once," said he.

Chocking the Duke.

It is said of a certain Royal Duke that he is not in the habit of spending twopence where a penny will do. On a wet afternoon he hailed a cab in Bond Street and requested to be driven to Victoria Station. Arrived at that terminus he handed the cab man a shilling. Then, of course, came the inevitable: "'Ere, what's this? Can't yer make it another tanner?"

"Certainly not," said the noble fare. "And, what's more, you came the wrong way. What made you go right round Hyde Park Corner and Grosvenor Place?"

The cabby saw that he had no chance, and chaffingly replied: "Wot for? 'Cos St. James's Park is closed, that's wot for."

"Closed! St. James's Park closed! Why? How's that?"

"Oh, they say as 'ow the Dook dropped a threepenny-bit a-comin' across the park last night, and the park's closed till they find it!"

A Holiday in Shakespeare Land.

Stratford-on-Avon and its extraordinarily interesting associations make it a very desirable place to visit, and now that the Great Central Railway has made travelling so luxurious by its well-equipped and rapid trains, it is a very easy matter to go and return in one day. For a combined figure, 14s., the Great Central Railway will carry you there and back, lunch, and dine, and drive you to all the many interesting places which the Bard's name has made famous in Stratford-on-Avon. The route from Marylebone is over the new Great Central line, running through part of picturesque Buckinghamshire.

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THE GREAT PLOT.

- BY -

WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(*Continued*).

A Remarkable Fact.

"We all feel great sympathy for you, Mr. Milbourne," said the Coroner, in a more kindly tone, "and the jury will, I know, feel even greater sympathy when they are acquainted with the whole chain of tragic events. According to the bald facts which the police have supplied, I believe I am right in suggesting that there has already been a tragedy in your family of a somewhat similar character? Will you kindly describe it to us?"

The words caused everyone in the room to prick up their ears, the reporters most of all. They are ever on the look-out for good "copy"—mystery for preference.

In a halting, faltering voice Mr. Milbourne recounted the whole of the sad story of poor Nella's death, and the narrative was listened to with breathless attention. The rechambermaid who had unlocked the door having given evidence, Dr. Jelf was called, and deposed to making the first examination of the body. There were, he said, evident signs of strangulation by a cord, of which the police subsequently took possession. In company with Dr. Moore, of Gower Street, the police-surgeon, he had made a post-mortem, and the result confirmed entirely his first diagnosis. The cord was evidently slipped over her head while she had been standing at the wash-basin washing her face prior to dressing for dinner. It had been swiftly twisted and drawn tight, and that accounted for no screams being heard. Considerable pressure must have been used.

Dr. Moore, police divisional surgeon, corroborated, and after two or three other unimportant witnesses had given evidence, the Coroner, addressing the jury, pointed out the extraordinary nature of the mystery, especially if considered in conjunction with the tragedy which had occurred in the same family. It was, of course, for the police to trace the young lady's movements on the afternoon in question, and, in order to allow them to do so, he suggested that the inquiry should be adjourned until that day week, a course which was adopted without a dissentient.

A Coroner's jury in a murder case never arrives at its verdict on its first sitting. It always adjourns.

The inquiry concluded at four o'clock, and, as the Squire, on descending crossed the hall to the bureau, he found Hubert Hutton awaiting him.

"Why, Mr. Milbourne!" exclaimed the young man, "what's the matter? Are you unwell? I met Ethel yesterday, and she told me you were here, so I thought I would call."

"What!" cried the old man quickly; "you met her yesterday. Where? Tell me quickly."

"I met her in Oxford Street yesterday afternoon and walked up Edgware Road with her as far as Chapel Street. But why?"

"Why?" wailed the old man brokenly. "Why, because she's dead—murdered, just as poor Nella was!"

"Murdered!" the young man cried amazed.

The Squire nodded his head, and then, as they sat together in a corner upon one of the lounges, he briefly related the extraordinary circumstances.

Hutton sat listening like one in a dream. Then, when he found tongue, he said:

"Tell me, Mr. Milbourne, have the police discovered upon her that curious piece of antique jewellery she was wearing when I met her?"

"Why, no!" he cried, as the truth suddenly flashed upon him. "Only this morning they told me that no article of jewellery was found in her room."

"Then that jewel has been stolen!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

Deepening Shadows.

At the resumed inquest, held in the following week, several fresh witnesses were called, chief among them being Hubert Hutton.

In reply to the Coroner, he described how he had met Ethel quite accidentally in front of Evans' shop, much. "I noticed that she was wearing a rather curious antique ornament. It was set with diamonds, and appeared to me to be of great value. I made the suggestion to her that an ornament of that character should not be worn in the streets of London, and that while she was looking in a shop window a dexterous thief might easily snatch it."

"And what was her reply?"

"She appeared to consider my warning superfluous, but promptly covered up the jewel by fastening her fur necklet over it."

"I might mention, sir," observed the detective, "that the jewel in question is missing."

This announcement produced some stir of excitement in the room, and every face was turned towards the witness.

"Had you seen this article of jewellery worn by the deceased before?" inquired the Coroner.

Mr. Hutton replied in the negative.

The next witness was a tall, prim maiden lady, who gave the name of Henrietta Hurst, and stated that she was a private dressmaker, living in Talbot Road, Bayswater.

"Miss Milbourne called upon me unexpectedly at about a quarter past four o'clock on the afternoon in question. I was engaged in fitting another customer, and she was therefore compelled to wait in my drawing-room for twenty minutes or so, and I suppose occupied herself by looking at the fashion papers. When I was at last disengaged, I found that the object of her call was to ask me to send a dress that I had just finished for her sister to her room at the Hotel Blenheim, instead of to Ailesworth Manor. The parcel was in the drawing-room, already packed; therefore I simply wrote another label and stuck it on. At her suggestion, I remeasured her for bodices, for it was two years before when I had last taken her measure, and she complained that a blouse I had made was a trifle tight across the back."

"And what then?" asked the Coroner, looking up from his writing.

"Well, nothing else, except that I gave her a cup of tea, and we gossiped for perhaps half an hour. She told me that Mrs. Milbourne and her sister Sylvia were in Durham, and that she was up in town for a flying visit with her father. She left me at about a quarter past five, and I sent Miss Sylvia's dress next morning to the hotel. It was not until that afternoon that I was aware anything had happened."

"Does any member of the jury desire to ask any question?" inquired the Coroner.

"We should like to be quite clear upon one point, sir," remarked the foreman. "Did the young lady, on leaving the dressmaker's, return on foot to the hotel?"

"She walked towards the Westbourne Park Road," replied Miss Hurst. "There is a cab-stand there, and she may have taken a conveyance, but I am not aware that she did."

"Well," remarked the Coroner, "we have it in the evidence of the hall-porter that the young lady returned in a hansom with several parcels."

"She had only one small parcel when she called on me," remarked the dressmaker.

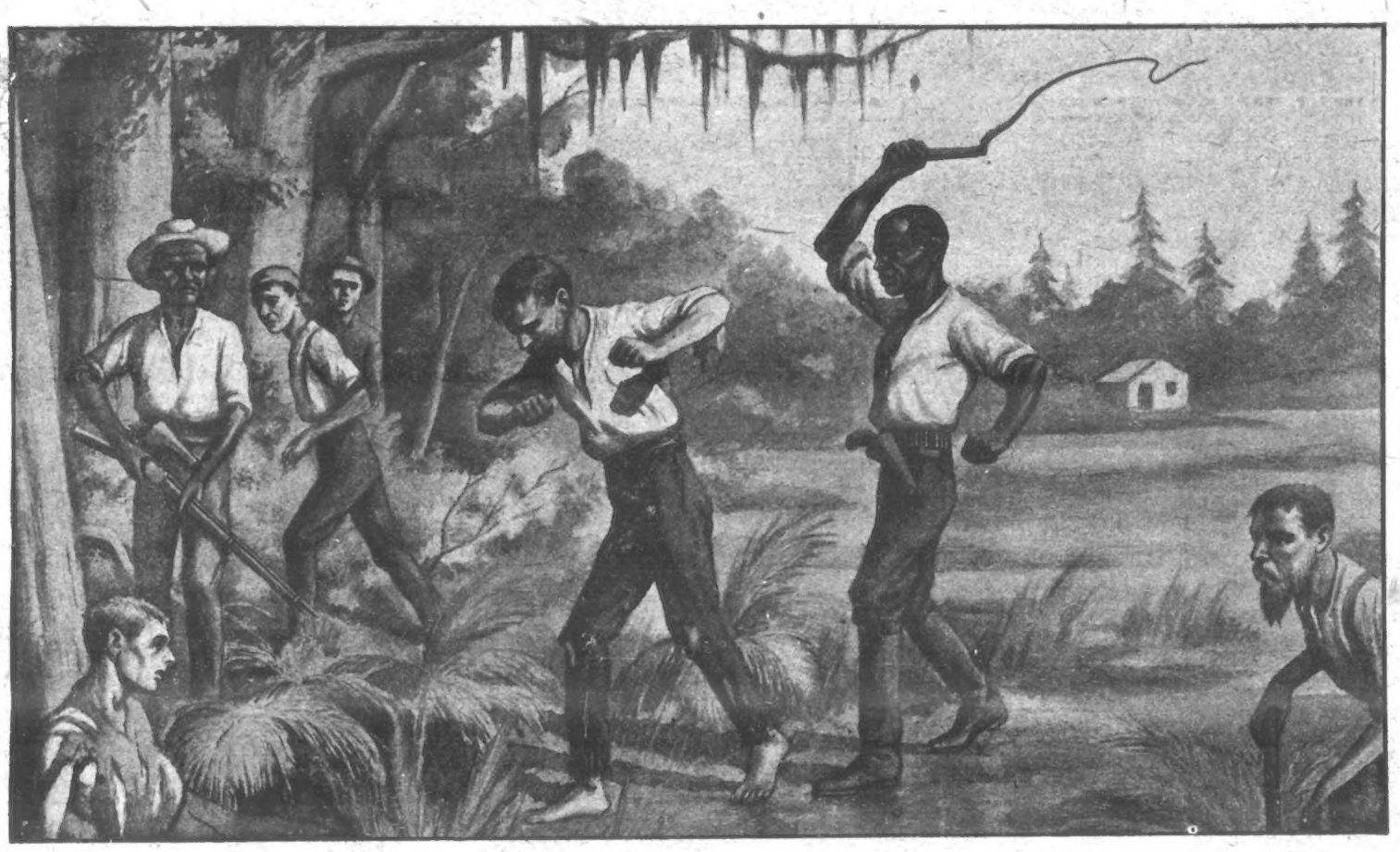
"Then she must have visited other establishments before returning home."

Following Miss Hurst there stepped forward another witness, a tall, pale-faced young man in a frock coat, who gave his name as Charles Percival, and his occupation as assistant in the lace department of Messrs. May and Edwards.

"You have seen a portrait of the deceased, Mr. Percival, and recognise her—eh? Well, will you please tell us under what circumstances you saw her?"

"As far as I can judge, it was about three o'clock when the lady entered our shop and inquired at my counter for some imitation Maltese lace, with which I served her. She was rather difficult to please, but she purchased some, gave her name and address at the Hotel Blenheim, and paid. She was in a great hurry to leave."

(*To be continued.*)



NEGROES FLOG WHITE MEN—STORY OF A SLAVERY CAMP IN FLORIDA: A sensation has been caused by an affidavit made by Bennie Wilenski and other Russian Jews, alleging that a terrible system of white slavery is being practised in Florida. Wilenski, who escaped from this bondage, is now a physical wreck, and his back is dreadfully lacerated by the daily flogging which was administered to him. He states that S. S. Schwartz, the proprietor of an employment agency in New York, promised him and forty-one others excellent work at 6s. a day, and comfortable surroundings in Maytown. After leaving New York they were forced to sleep on the deck of a dirty steamer, and were supplied with food so putrid that they were unable to eat it. When they arrived at Maytown they were forced to live in huts known as "dog houses," where they were placed under the guard of negroes armed with rifles and pistols. They worked in a turpentine camp, and were lashed on the bare back by their custodians for the slightest relaxation of effort. No water was supplied to them unless they paid for it, and food was only obtainable at a price which left them always in debt to their employers. Wilenski states that on one occasion, when he attempted to revive a youth named Leonard, who had fallen exhausted, a foreman rushed up to them and beat Leonard into insensibility, afterwards flogging Wilenski.

porters, of course, took it all down, but the Coroner only made occasional notes on his minutes of evidence.

Then, turning to the jury, he said:

"Has any gentleman a question to ask Mr. Milbourne?"

"We would like to know, sir, if the witness has any suspicion of any enemy of the family? The affair seems very much like an act of private vengeance."

"I know of no enemy," was the Squire's abrupt reply.

Then came the hotel clerk, who deposed that he had handed the deceased her key when she came in shortly after half-past five. He recollected her because she had asked if her father (Number 708) had had his key, which query had been answered in the negative.

"She was alone?" asked the Coroner.

"Yes, sir."

"Did anyone during the afternoon inquire for Miss Milbourne?"

"Only one lady, sir—a Mrs. Langdon, who is a guest. She asked about half an hour afterwards, and I told her that the young lady was probably in her room or in some of the public rooms of the hotel."

"And is that all you know?"

"All, sir."

The foreman of the jury asked if the deceased seemed at all flurried, but the reply was that she was not. She had returned in a hansom, and had several parcels, which one of the porters carried for her to the lift.

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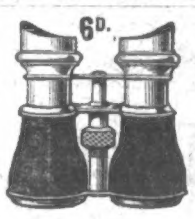

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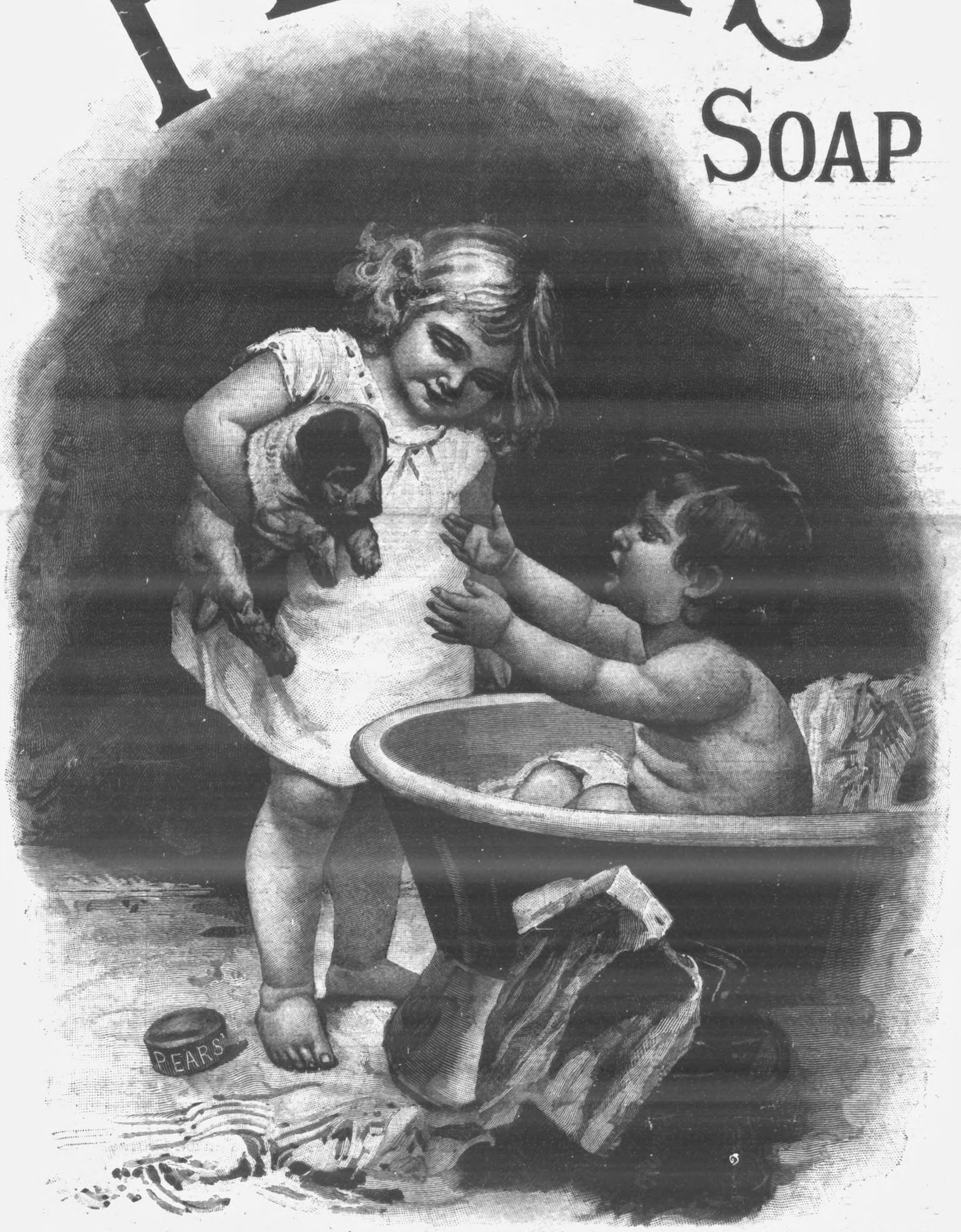

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